

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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NO. 11.

INDIA RUBBER.

ALL of our readers doubtless know what india rubber is for it is found in one shape or another in almost every house; but few, perhaps, of our younger readers know whence it comes or how it is obtained. This valuable article is also called gum elastic and caoutchouc, and is obtained from plants which grow in temperate climates. But it is only in tropical or sub-tropical climates that the trees yield a sufficient quantity for gathering and exportation. The greatest quantity of india rubber is obtained from South America, although a considerable amount also comes from British India, the west coast of Africa and the Indian Archipelago.

The process of collecting the gum which exists in the milky juice of plants continues from July to January is as follows: A gash is made in the bark of the tree with a very narrow hatchet into which a wedge of wood and a tube are inserted. Below these are placed basins made of large leaves or clay which catch the liquid as it oozes from the tree. In four or five hours each gash or orifice will have yielded from three to five table-spoonfuls when it will cease and new incisions must be made. The milk is then poured from the basins into a large earthen vessel when the process of smoking and shaping it is begun, before the milk coagulates.

A fire being kindled a bottomless earthen pot is placed mouth down over it, so that the smoke can ascend through the top. The person who is to perform this labor then takes his

mould, and pours the milk over it with a cup, and passes it slowly to and fro through the smoke until it is thoroughly dry. He then pours on another coat which he smokes and dries in a similar manner, and so continues until the required thickness has been obtained, when the moulds which are made of wood or clay are either cut or washed out of the india rubber. The

article is then ready for exportation to the various countries where it is manufactured into balls, crasers, bands and many other articles too numerous to mention.

When the crude material arrives from abroad it is cut into small shreds and thoroughly washed by powerful machinery, after which it is placed in a heated room to dry. From here it is taken to a room where it passes between very heavy rollers until it becomes a solid mass of rubber entirely free from air holes. This mass is then cut under water by powerful knives or shears into sheets which are sold to stationers to be cut to any desired size or are supplied to manufacturers of rubber goods.

Our engraving represents some of the natives of South America who live near the Amazon river in the act of gathering the milk of the india rubber tree. By some the tree is hewed down before the sap is extracted, but this method is not considered to be as good as to draw from the tree while standing, for the gum does not flow as readily when the trunk is detached from the roots. Besides, when cut down it will not gather another yield of gum.



ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS.

GIRLS, now is the time to improve yourselves. Do not disgrace your bright young minds by giving place to low, trivial thoughts, for the mind is too precious a jewel to be thus degraded. Try to ennoble yourselves in every way. Keep good company. You may be assured that if you once mingle in bad society the taint which you receive by coming in contact with it will not be very likely to leave you, no matter how much you may try to reform. Some one will be sure to point at you and say: "She cannot be very much, for she associates with such a one, who bears no good character."

Again, use good language, for slang phrases tend to lower and deform the mind. To be ladies in every sense of the word, act natural. Do not keep late hours at night; obey your parents in all things; never give them an unkind word, for if you do you will one day regret it. Lessen their burdens all you can, and by so doing you will call down blessings from above upon you. Take heed of every good counsel they may give you; for every time you disobey your parents, every new care-worn look you cause to appear upon their faces, after you have reached the age of understanding, will only heap coals of fire upon your own head.

Do not be offended, dear sisters, if I speak plain, for, in the language of the Bible, "open rebuke is better than secret love," and "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Some of my young sisters seem to mock at religion and make light of it. Now, girls, ask yourselves, "Is this right?" Question your hearts; see if there is not hidden away down deep in some of their recesses some good Spirit that has been trying to make itself manifest, but which you have been crushing down all the time. Why is it that some of my young sisters are so afraid of being pointed out as too religious? Shall I tell you? It is fashion, pride and folly.

I would advise all, however, to heed the Bible injunction: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when I shall say I have no pleasure in them." Be not ashamed to worship God; has Jesus not said, "He that is afraid to own me before man, him shall I be afraid to own before our Father, who art in heaven?"

As I said before, do not keep late hours at night, for it is injurious to your health, and ever so much so to what we ought to prize above anything else, and that is a good name. If you have gentleman company on an evening, give them to understand they can never stay later than ten o'clock; that is late enough for any young lady to be up. Remember that "the excesses of youth are draughts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date."

There are many of our young sisters, I am sorry to say, who disfigure their faces with what is called face powder; and I am afraid not a few of the older sisters follow this obnoxious habit. It is a shame that any of us should indulge this frivolous fashion. I can never associate, within my mind, a true, noble, religious character with one pursuing such a course. Take my advice, dear sisters, and that of many more honest-hearted Saints, and cast this bad habit aside.

In this great hour of trouble, when our people are undergoing so much injustice, when good, noble men are sent to prisons for a holy cause, when wives and children are almost worse than husbandless and fatherless (when they reflect on the sufferings of their loved ones), when cruel men are robbing us of our rights as a free people, then can we as sisters not find something more noble, more worthy of our girlhood or woman-

hood, than to give ourselves up to foolish pastimes and fashions? Let us aim to be noble, self-sacrificing women; women that dare do what is right regardless of any temptations placed in our paths. Let us prepare ourselves to become good wives and mothers, and also to be women able to combat with and overcome the wickedness of the world. If we labor to do good in this way God will assist and abundantly bless us. IDA.

STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MY dear children, I am going to tell you a true story to-day and by it you can learn something about the way in which God deals with His people, and the manner in which He sometimes provides for the wants of those who have faith in His promises and rely upon Him for aid and protection.

A great many years ago, before you were born, when Utah was inhabited only by Latter-day Saints and Indians, the Lord permitted an army of grasshoppers to come and eat up the people's grain and in consequence of this, a great many families suffered for bread. I do not know why the Lord suffered the crops of His people to be destroyed, unless it was that they and the world might learn that He was able and willing to take care of His faithful Saints under all circumstances and to teach them to rely upon Him more fervently than ever before.

I knew one good man at this time who had always endeavored to serve the Lord and had great faith in the promises made by Him to protect His people.

Many months before the harvest came in, in the year following that of the grasshopper siege, the flour in this good man's house had become nearly exhausted and he knew not where another pound was to be bought for his little family of seven.

It was at this time that two men, neighbors, came one morning with empty sacks to this man to borrow a few pounds of flour to feed their little ones at home. The good man of the house looked at his scanty supply, scarcely thirty pounds and decided to give them each five pounds; as he weighed it out to them and they turned to leave, his good and benovolent spirit prompted him to say to them, "Brethren, your families are each as large as mine, your children are as capable of suffering and can cry as hard as mine for bread; we will divide this sack of flour equally between us and when it is gone the Lord who has cared for and protected us since the days of Nauvoo will care for us still; I am not afraid of starvation while He has a care over us."

The men departed with feelings of gratitude and left their blessings and invoked the blessing of God upon their generous neighbor. It was remarkable the length of time that ten pounds of flour lasted that good man's family, the small cake that was baked from it every morning for their sustenance seemed to scarcely lessen the quantity. Yet after many days the last dust was shaken from the sack and their cupboard was left bare. With a prayer of devotion, the good man commended his family to the care of heaven and went to his work in the field without his breakfast. When he returned in the evening his wife, who had been also absent during the day, met him at the door with an overjoyed countenance saying, "Who brought the sack of flour to us?"

The good man entered his dwelling and there stood the sack which had been emptied that morning filled, with flour. He said, "I know not how the flour came to be here and we will not enquire, but let us give thanks to God that it is here." And on their bended knees they poured forth their gratitude to

God for the timely aid and assistance which He had given them.

After this instead of one cake of flour per day their children received three cakes. A poor widow woman having four children clinging to her for support, who lived near by, received for her little flock each day an equal portion from it and all of both families had enough to eat and not until the grain in the fields was ripe enough to be threshed from its husks between the palms of the little children's hands was the last dust shaken from this wonderful flour sack. Me.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Hannah reached the ante-room of the prison she saw the warden waiting there. He was a bluff, hearty man, of whom she had been in considerable awe. But on this day there was so much of kindness in his manner that the sorrowing girl was tempted to stop and speak to him. His manner expressed a kind of sympathy which was peculiarly grateful to Hannah. He said: "My girl, if your husband does his duty faithfully here you may rest assured that he will not be forgotten by me and the other officials of the penitentiary. It may be that we have not much affection for Mr. Thorndyke; but we have the highest admiration for his plucky little wife. His escape did him a great injury. In fact, any effort of the kind militates seriously against a prisoner. Your husband was in a fair way to receive a pardon from the governor when that misfortune happened to you. As a man and a father I cannot blame him for breaking jail and going to find you under the circumstances. But he must now be very careful. There is an effort to secure a mitigation of his sentence, and I would not like to have his chances destroyed by any indiscretion on his own part."

Hannah's face flushed and paled alternately during this friendly address. A great wave of hopeful joy swept over her at the thought that Rupert might soon be released. But when she remembered the desperate project for escape which was on foot, and recalled the part which Rupert had confessedly taken in the plan, her heart sunk within her, and her complexion changed from scarlet to snow. She gasped and trembled—she would have fallen had not the warden quickly placed a chair to receive her sinking form. A glass of water, for which the jailor called loudly and soon received, speedily removed her fainting feeling; but the woe of her heart was not stilled. The full danger in which her husband now stood was apparent to her mind. Not only was he likely to lose by this second effort to escape, all the benefit which would result to him because of the sympathy felt for Hannah, but worse, far worse, he would be quite as certain to be called to account for his former break from the prison. This would entail a sentence to an additional term of service. The prospect seemed appalling to Mrs. Thorndyke. Before her there stretched an indefinite time of loneliness. And what made the pain of her heart more poignant, she felt with bitter fear that Rupert's love could scarcely survive the ordeal of an imprisonment for a term of several years. She dreaded, too, the effect upon his wayward nature of the association with the lawless spirits of that place. His present offense did not rank as one of a very serious nature. But

he would become tutored in the blackest thoughts of crime. When he should emerge—either through a successful attempt at escape, or by the lapse of his sentence—he would be ready for almost any deed, for the sake of revenge or plunder.

All these thoughts passed through the agonized mind of the young wife with the speed of lightning and the terror of death. Over her poor head hung the ruin of her life. How could her weak hands avert its fall!

The warden stood idly by, watching her as one might gaze upon an actor in some mild drama. His interest in her was undoubtedly great in comparison to that which he usually betrayed in such cases. But it was not strong enough to give him any insight into the intense suffering of this bruised soul. At last he roused, when he thought she had sufficiently recovered from her swoon, and said:

"Come, young woman, for your own sake and that of your husband, you must not give way to unnecessary grief. Keep your wits about you, my girl; and now you must go. Next week, when you come, I may have good news for you."

He was about to turn away, as he motioned her to the door. But a sudden inspiration had come to Hannah. She seized his hand convulsively; and cried in piteous tones:

"Mr. Butler, oh, sir! You must save my husband from this awful place! Association with these dreadful men will complete his ruin. What if I can tell you of a murderous plot to escape—which he has revealed, will its discovery help him? If I can learn from him the particulars of the project and the names of the ringleaders, will you promise me upon your honor that he shall be rewarded with his liberty?"

The anxious young woman was about to betray the truth that her husband himself was one of the inciters of the movement. For indeed it had been his fertile brain which first suggested the desperate plan, although it had been the courage of his confederates which had carried it to its present promising stage and which had prevented Rupert's withdrawal from the scheme. But she reflected that this might entirely end his chances for a pardon or a commutation of his sentence; and that, coupled with his former lapse, it might and probably would precipitate the very fate which she was seeking to avert. On the other hand she was suddenly assailed by the fear that this betrayal of his comrades might bring their vengeance upon his head. On the one hand, she wanted the warden to believe that Rupert's connection with the plot was not complete; and that he was willing to use his knowledge to protect the prison officials and the discipline of the place. And on the other hand, she was no less desirous that the source of the information should never become known to her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Between these two anxieties, she was in a most piteous state. While these thoughts were passing with lightning speed through her mind the astonished warden was seeking to recover from his amazement. And at length he spoke:

"What do you mean? If you know of any plots or plans why don't you speak? If your husband has not meddled with these things he has no cause for alarm, but I am mightily of the opinion that if there is any escape on the way, he has got a hand in it."

These words at first fell upon Hannah with the chill of death. But she quickly roused, and though she was dreadfully frightened, she realized that she must be cool for Rupert's sake. The girl had a good deal of native resolution, which had been largely increased by the circumstances of her unfortunate training under the eyes of Samantha Whopscott, and by the woes of her married life. It all came to her aid at this critical moment.

(To be continued.)

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE LAST SUPPER OF JESUS.

THE gospel had been preached by Jesus and His disciples for three years. You know, dear children, how He taught the people on the mount and in parables, and how many miracles He did to prove that He was the true Christ, and to bless the people. Yet, for all this, there were many who would not believe, and who sought to find something against Jesus that they might cast Him into prison or kill Him.

Jesus and His disciples came to Jerusalem to the great feast called the passover, which is celebrated by the Jews to this day. It is in remembrance of the time when the children of Israel were in bondage, many hundred years before Christ was born, and were delivered by God in a most wonderful way. The disciples came to Jesus to know where they should prepare the feast for Him. He told them to go to such a man in the city and say: The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples. So they did as He told them and found the man, who had an upper room already prepared. Here they all sat at the table in the evening, when Jesus said to them, One of you shall betray me, and they all felt sorrowful and asked, Is it I, Lord? Jesus could read the hearts of all and He answered: He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish. Then Judas, who had already arranged to betray Jesus to His enemies, said: Lord, is it I? and Jesus answered, Thou hast said.

While they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed and brake it and gave to His disciples to eat, saying: Take, eat; for this is my body. Then he took the cup of wine and gave thanks, saying: Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for you for the remission of sins.

And when they had all partaken of the sacrament Jesus told them He would not partake of the fruit of the vine until He drank it new with them in His Father's kingdom. Then they sang a hymn and went out with Jesus to the Mount of Olives.

When you, dear children, partake of the sacrament you must remember how Jesus sat with His

disciples and taught them what to do to witness they would remember Him, and how He knew one of His disciples would betray Him; yet He treated them all with kindness. He afterwards took water and washed the feet of His disciples, setting them an example of affection and showing them how they were to minister to each other after He was crucified. You must always eat and drink the Lord's supper with a prayerful heart and then you are blessed by it.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—How many years did Jesus travel and preach to the people?
- 2.—What was the feast called that Jesus and His disciples came to Jerusalem to celebrate?
- 3.—What did Jesus tell His disciples to do to prepare the feast of the passover?
- 4.—What did Jesus say one of His disciples would do?
- 5.—What did His disciples say when He said one would betray Him?
- 6.—What did Jesus do with the bread?
- 7.—What did He say the water represented?
- 8.—What do we call the partaking of the bread and water?
- 8.—Where and when do the Latter-day Saints partake of the sacrament?
- 10.—Why do we eat the Lord's supper on the Sabbath day?
- 11.—How should we feel when we partake of the sacrament?
- 12.—How are we benefited by this ordinance?

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

YEARS ago, when the Saints first came to these valleys, there was a good sister who was very poor, just as all the people were. She had two little children and her heart ached many times because she had no bread to give them. One day they were very hungry and their mother said to them: "Go into the loft, children, and ask God to bless us and send us some bread."

Up the ladder they climbed and the little girl, being the oldest, prayed first, telling her little brother that he must pray when she said "Amen." After an earnest prayer from the dear child she paused, and the little brother said, in a solemn voice:

"O, Lord; we are hungry, and ma's hungry! Please send us some bread—and some sweet-cake, too—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then they went down to their mother, who sat at the foot of the ladder with tearful eyes, but a heart full of faith that the prayers of her innocent little ones would be answered.

In an hour after, a neighbor entered with two loaves of bread and a big cake baked in a pan. It was only a molasses cake, but, oh, how good it tasted to those hungry souls! Thus, you see, God heard and answered their prayers.

ZINA.

ALMOST A CRIME.

I HAD spent all my allowance, and there lay Sam Dent's letter before me, full of interest, from the first line till "Yours till death," at the bottom of the fourth page. Sam was my cousin.

"What a shame it don't go through Danville; [it was the circus, and Sam was telling me about it] such a show you never saw in all your life! Seven elephants, all dressed in cloth of gold! Tigers, lions, camels, spotted zebras, and all that sort of thing,—chariot races, processions a mile long. Try for a holiday, Tom, and come over. I'll meet you any time next week, and Uncle John won't care. Tell him it's not a common circus, but a hippodrome. You always have a little money on hand. Your fare will only be two dollars. If you don't happen to have more than that, I'll pay your way in.

"I tell you it's a sight in a lifetime. You may never see it again. Why, the tent takes acres, and the music is just splendid! And then the horses, and little Master Antoine, only eight years old, just as quick and funny as a monkey! And the elephants do all sort of tricks.

"I wish you lived in the city. You'd have no end of fun. How do you manage to exist in that sandy little town? I don't see."

I arose from the reading of that letter with my imagination on fire. Go I must to Burnett, go I would! But how should I do it? I had a week in which to consider, but by the end of that week it would be gone, "the most splendid show in the world!"

I turned my pockets inside out. Not a penny was to be found there. It was no use to apply to my father or mother. They gave me all they could afford every month—it had been the rule of their lives—and I was never to apply to them for a penny.

Now what was to be done? With my imagination inflamed, I sat down to consider. Money must be had, even if I sold something of value to obtain it. But I could think of nothing I could do or sell.

Mother was busy with her Saturday's baking, I went up stairs to her room and examined every place where it was likely there might be money. At last I found in one of the old chest-drawers—ah, that old mahogany chest with brass handles, shall I ever forget it?—a little red porte-monnaie. I opened it. There lay five one-dollar notes. For some time I stood looking at them. "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" It seemed as if a voice sounded these words through my heart.

All my life seemed to pass before me as I stood there, my eyes fixed, as if fascinated, upon the porte-monnaie,—my

mother's teachings, my father's warnings; and yet, strangely enough, I kept the porte-monnaie in my hand.

It would take two dollars to go to the city, two to return, and one dollar might be sufficient to pay my way into the circus. I could not bear the idea of having my cousin pay for me, for I was proud enough to respect appearances, though it seems I was not proud enough to do right.

It ended in my taking the money and putting back the porte-monnaie. Contrary to my expectations, I felt much more easy in my mind than I had dreaded.

The deed done I felt in a measure relieved. I believe for a time rather exulted in it. I looked upon the act as a smart business transaction—as borrowed money, in fact, which after a time I could replace—a feeling which has cost many a man both his character and his life.

My mother seldom used money. The bills had probably been there for a long time. It might be weeks before she would miss them.

I went down stairs and found some hot cookies on a plate, put aside for my special eating. Mother was still busy and very heated. Betty, the old servant, was setting the table.

"You better take Bob and go down to the depot for your father," said my mother; "he said he should be home by the six-forty train, and it's just fifteen minutes of seven."

"Why, I didn't know father had gone to the city!" I said.

"He went to pay a note, while you were up in the ten-acre lot. He didn't care about going. I don't know," she added, her face taking on a look of perplexity, "but we shall have to sell some land. There's a little trouble about a mortgage."

"I wish we could sell it all and go and live in the city." I said.

Then I went out and harnessed Bob, and drove down to the depot. All this time I had not experienced any particular uneasiness on account of the money I had taken.

Whether I had an intuitive feeling that I had not yet appropriated it—that I could still at any moment replace it in the porte-monnaie; or whether I was deficient in my moral perceptions, I did not stop to inquire. I met my father, who was very busy talking to an old friend.

"Ah, Tom," he said: "I was wishing you would meet me;" and he invited our neighbor to get into the wagon beside him.

When we were just setting down to tea, mother spied somebody coming up the yard.

"There!" she said, "I'm so glad I asked you this morning, husband, for that five dollars, for I don't suppose you brought any money home?"

"Not a cent," said father, sitting down.

"The poor man needs it," mother went on, pouring out the tea, "and Betty says he finds it hard work getting along with a sick wife to support. But dear me, I'm so tired, I don't feel like going up stairs."

"Where is it, mother?" I asked, looking up, and realizing that my face was getting very red. "Let me get it for you."

I waited to hear her answer, the five bills lying snugly meanwhile in a pocket-book pretty near my heart.

"In my porte-monnaie, Tom, in the second drawer of grandmother's chest. I put them there this morning."

Leaving the table, I went to the door, where old Tony, lame Tony, we called him, stood waiting.

"I'll bring you the money," I said, as I turned away, and all the time I was saying, "Shall I?"

I went slowly up stairs debating the matter in my mind. Should I say the money was gone, and leave my mother to think that old Betty had taken it when she made the beds?

I stood on top of the stair, with the money in my hand, at least five minutes, calmly considering what I should do. Then I slowly wheeled about and went as calmly down stairs. Mother stood at the door looking up.

"I began to be afraid you could'n't find it, Tom," she said, a little anxiously. Not till that moment did I make up my mind.

"Oh yes," I said, as carelessly as I could, and held out the bills. As I handed them to her our eyes met, and for one awful moment I felt as if she had read my intention, and knew what had been going on in my heart.

Then I knew the meaning of the word remorse, and I went in to supper the guiltiest wretch in Christendom, for I felt I had been saved from committing myself by the merest accident.

It seemed so strange to me that before I had restored the money, I had felt so careless of consequences, and that now I should be so overwhelmed when I only thought of my intention.

Mother paid the man, and came in. She began talking about him, his gratitude, how he had to pay for medicines, and found it terribly up-hill work to support his helpless family; and still I did not dare to look at her, so singularly was I impressed with the feeling that she knew all about my temptation.

"I went over to my old friend Anderson's," said my father, "and found that Joe had gone into a new speculation." Joe was Anderson's brother.

"What's that?" asked mother.

"He's gone into the circus business, only he calls it by the more elegant name of hippodrome, and as the show is something different from anything of the kind that has ever been seen before, it is drawing great crowds. Anderson gave me a couple of tickets, and as I must go to Burnett next week to finish my business, I think I'll take Tom and give him a treat for once. What say you, Tom?"

I wanted to speak, but something made me feel so choked that it was impossible. However, father kept on—

"Tom has been a pretty good boy this Fall, and it's hard to be tied to a country town, when one is just the age to wish to see all sorts of nice things."

By this time my participation in the crime I had meditated not so very long ago, seemed to me simply horrible. I felt the veriest guiltiest wretch that had ever been blessed by so kind a father.

If my mother had not called for that money, and I had gone through that same experience at the supper-table with the bills in my pocket, I hardly know what would have happened, I should have felt so unutterably mean.

Well, I went to the hippodrome and enjoyed it, but it was months before I recovered from the feeling that my mother knew all about it. And I never could bring myself to confess until now.—*Selected.*

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle; and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning power.

MY FRIEND JASPER.

JASPER MONROE'S home was just across the street, opposite mine.

Jasper and I were born on the same day. We grew up as like in size as we were in age, and no two boys were ever more closely united in heart than we. There was hardly any sacrifice we would not have made for each other. One of our favorite play-places was a pile of rocks about half a mile from home, known as "Sharp Nose Crag." The "Crag" was high, and overhung the bank of a river.

One day Jasper and I had climbed to the top of these rocks. Stepping too near the edge, he fell with a cry, into the swift-running water below.

For a moment I stood terrified. I had learned to swim. He had not, having somehow a natural timidity in the water that he could not overcome. I realized his danger, but, doubting my own strength to save, I shouted for help as loudly as I could. But there was no one in sight. I was in agony. Just then Jasper rose to the surface, striking out wildly with his arms, the stream rapidly bearing him away. Obeying a resistless impulse, I leaped in after him.

It was a desperate struggle—in the strong current, and in the frightened clutch of a drowning boy. How I came out alive is a mystery to this day. But a good Providence aided me, and my frantic efforts kept us both above water till we had drifted some distance below, where the river grew broader and shallower, and I could touch the bottom with my feet.

But here the water ran even swifter than before, for we were just at the entrance of "the rapids" under the cliff. Sunk to our necks as we were, it was impossible either to wade or swim. Jasper was nearly exhausted. I clung to him, and screamed again for assistance.

Fortunately, my first outcry had been heard, and now two men ran down the bank to our rescue. By the time I reached dry land again, I was as helpless as Jasper.

The men carried us home; and we had not fully recovered from our perilous adventure before the story had gone through the town that Jasper Monroe had fallen into the river, and Royal Hooper had saved him from drowning at the risk of his own life. Everybody praised me for what I had done, and I found myself exalted into a hero.

Jasper's gratitude was deep and sincere. "I should not be alive now but for you. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

When we appeared at school again, he could not refrain from lionizing me among my mates, and pointing me out as his benefactor. "Boys," said he, "here's the boy that never forsakes a friend! He staked his life for mine, and won by his pluck. Three cheers for Royal Hooper, the bravest and best fellow among us!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" responded every throat on the play-ground; and the weight of honor from the school-boy ovation that I received quite staggered me.

As might be supposed, after all this, Jasper and I were drawn even closer to each other than before, and it seemed that nothing could disturb the strong friendship that existed between us. For months we were inseparable:—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

It was my own folly that provoked the first discord. One day we were returning from school. I had just taken the prize for declamation, and was feeling uncommonly merry, perhaps a little self-important. As we stopped a moment under the shade of a big oak tree by the roadside, I said jokingly—

"Jasp, take off your hat. You should uncover your head before your superiors. You forget that I'm the prize man."

He laughed, and, prompted by a spirit of perverse fun, I pulled his hat from his head, and tossed it over the fence.

He went after it, still laughing, though slightly irritated; but as soon as he had put it on, I pulled it off again, and threw it up into the tree, where it lodged in the high branches, far out of reach. He climbed after it with difficulty, and as I stood watching him, I said, in a teasing tone, "*You'll* never make your mark as a gymnast, Jasp. You're clumsy as an elephant."

I continued to laugh at him till he came down, and by that time his face was flushed with anger. As soon as he reached the ground, he walked straight up to me, seized my hat, and, doubling it together, hurled it, with all his might, over a clump of alder bushes. It fell into a little brook just beyond, and was soon soaked with water.

I had to wade into the stream for my cap, and returned furious with anger. The quarrel was now fairly kindled, and I did not stop to reflect that I was entirely to blame.

"You've spoiled my hat!" I cried. "It was contemptibly mean in you to throw it into the water."

"You began it. You tossed mine into the tree. It's fair play, and you've got as good as you gave."

"No, it isn't fair play. If a plunge bath is good for *my* hat, it's just as good for *yours*;" and, with spiteful quickness, I snatched his hat again, and ran and threw it into the brook. Jasper saw it float down the stream, but made no effort to get it.

"I'm not going on a fool's errand," he said, as I came back.

"Then leave it there if you want to," I replied.

"Yes, I'll leave it there; and take that for your meanness!" cried Jasper, striking me a blow on the cheek.

This roused me to fury, and I dealt him a heavy blow in return.

"I won't bear a blow from you, nor fifty like you!" I shouted.

He was not slow to retaliate, and in another minute we were fighting like two maniacs. We struck and pounded; aimed at each other's eyes and noses, and in our rage tried, of course, to make every blow hurt as much as possible. Sometimes it was I who got the worst of it, and sometimes Jasper. We were so evenly matched that the combat promised to be a long one.

"If you'll stop, I'll stop!" yelled Jasper at last.

"Never! I'll lick you till you beg!" I cried in return.

The words were hardly spoken, when I stepped on a rolling stone and fell violently to the ground, with my right arm twisted under me. I felt a sharp pain, and lay faint and helpless. My fighting was over.

"I give up!" was all I could say. Then I grew dizzy. Objects began to swim and darken before my eyes. I knew that I was becoming unconscious, and thought I was going to die.

What happened during my unconscious moments, I do not know, but when I revived from the swoon into which the severe pain had thrown me, Jasper's frightened voice was calling my name.

Poor Jasper! His fierce anger was all gone, and distress and tenderness had taken its place.

"I thought you were dead," he gasped. "I thought I had killed you. O dear, I am so sorry! What shall I do?"

"Take me home. Oh, my arm! It is broken!"

Jasper half-supported, half carried me to my father's house, and I was laid on the bed in my own room. My parents were greatly alarmed to see me so white and faint, and a messenger was at once sent for the doctor.

The operation of setting my broken bone was terribly painful, and I swooned again before it was over. Jasper remained in the house, but was unable to witness my suffering. After

my arm had been splintered and bandaged, and I had recovered consciousness, I asked for him.

My father called him. He came to my bed-side and burst into tears.

"O Roy, this is dreadful! You saved my life, and I have been fighting you—and broke your arm!"

"Never mind, Jasper, I'm to blame. I began the quarrel."

"And I got mad and struck you in the face. I shall never forgive myself!"

"What's done can't be undone," I replied, in as cheerful a tone as I could. "But we won't fight again, will we?"

"Ah, boys," said my father, seriously, "you have had a sore lesson, both of you. Royal sees now, to his sorrow, what thoughtless teasing may lead to. Remember that 'anger rests in the bosom of fools,' and take care neither to indulge it nor provoke it."

Great was the astonishment of our school friends when the news went abroad that Jasper and I had been fighting, and that I was seriously hurt.

"It beats all creation!" exclaimed Joseph Harrington.

"Hot love is soon cooled. When I saw Jasp and Roy such thick friends, I knew 'twouldn't last," said Philip Montague.

In a few months my arm was strong as ever, and I was in my old place again in the same seat with my friend at school. In time we entered college together in the same class, and occupied the same room. After graduation, we travelled together through Europe; and on our return, began business under the sign of Hooper & Monroe.

The lesson of our childhood has remained with us; and even could it be forgotten, we are too thoroughly united in interests to have any falling out now.

Boys, remember that "fast and loose" frolic may end in a fight, and fun that hurts will often divide the best friends.

LOVE OF HOME.—Love of home is planted deep in the nature of man. The finger of God points to home, and says to us all, there is the place to find your earthly joy. Shall we appeal to the testimony of those who have sought joy elsewhere, or have tried to find happiness in the world? We have but one answer from them all—that the search has been vain.

Who aspires to a loftier elevation of honor than that attained by Burke? And yet he says he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world.

What is the declaration of Byron, after having drained the cup of earthly pleasure to its dregs? It is, that his life has been passed in wretchedness and that he longs to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he may terminate his miserable existence by a sudden death.

And Chesterfield, with rank, wealth, talent, polish and power, after having stood for half a century the brightest luminary in all the European circles of elegance and fashion, has left his most decisive testimony of the heartlessness and emptiness of all those joys he has so eagerly pursued.

As we go through this world of trial and of change, we can find our only joy in a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and domestic peace. Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from misfortunes, our choice retreat from the world. It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. It is neatness, order, piety and a cheerful heart which make home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fireside, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement.

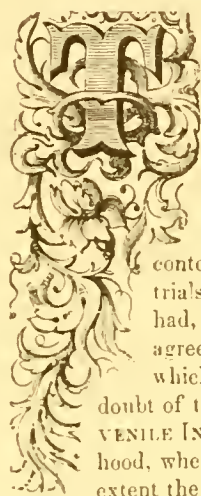
Goldsmith.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



THOUGH it is right that Latter-day Saints should be prepared for trials, persecutions and afflictions, it is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the Saints have been as happy and prosperous a people as any upon the face of the earth. It was often remarked by President Young that, notwithstanding we had the hatred of the world to contend with, the Latter-day Saints had not the trials, difficulties and evils which the wicked had, their troubles were nothing like so disagreeable, or so serious and trying, as those which the wicked had to meet. There is no doubt of the truth of this. The editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR looks back to the days of his boyhood, when he was old enough to comprehend to some extent the nature of the work in which his parents had engaged, and he remembers the thoughts he then had respecting the future. He expected to meet with great persecutions, many difficulties, and, perhaps, like many of the Saints in ancient days, might even have to meet death itself, because of his religion. But to-day, in reflecting upon the intervening years and the scenes through which he has passed, during which he has endeavored to always keep the path of duty, he can truthfully say that his life has been crowded with benefits, and has been in every respect a most happy one. There have been nothing like as many afflictions to be endured nor difficulties to be contended with as he thought there would be in the early days to which he refers.

My dear children, ask your parents who have been faithful to the Church, who have sought diligently to keep the commandments of God, who have enjoyed the fruits of their religion, if their experience is not the same. Have they not had happier lives, filled with greater enjoyment, more free from trouble and persecution, than they imagined they would have when they first became acquainted with the work? Surely this is the experience of the Latter-day Saints as a people. There is one blessing which we have enjoyed for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, and that is peace. Though the storms have raged around us and the enemies of the kingdom of God have indulged in the most hostile manifestations and threats against the people, and though everything may have looked dark from a human standpoint, yet there has been a peace which God has given, that has rested down upon the faithful Saint, that has caused his or her life to be exceedingly happy. This is a blessing which comes from God, and from Him alone. The world cannot give it, the world cannot take it away.

To-day, in Utah Territory, though we have been attacked in the most vindictive manner, and it has seemed as though nothing would satisfy our enemies but our utter destruction, there

has reigned a peace in the hearts and habitations of the faithful Saints that has made their lives very delightful to them. So it will be in the future. We shall have our trials; but the judgments and calamities that will fall upon the wicked will make everything that we have to pass through of this character appear of a very trifling nature. The Lord has said that He will pour out His judgments upon the nations. Already they have increased to a very remarkable extent. Fear and perplexity are increasing in men's hearts. They view the future with grave apprehension. Their hearts fail them in looking forward to the things that are coming upon the earth. Unlike the Saints, they do not know of His purposes concerning the earth and its inhabitants. They are completely at a loss to know what the future will bring forth. But not so with the Latter-day Saints. No event takes place for which they are unprepared. No prospect before them causes them to fear. If war should take place they know why it is so. So with pestilence; so with political troubles; so with the various afflictions and calamities that fall upon humanity. They are prepared for these, for God has warned them concerning them, and they know that His word will be fulfilled; therefore they do not create fear.

It has produced a most heavenly feeling of confidence to know that God is on our side. When we are in trouble and threatened, and everything looks dark around us, we can go to Him and receive that relief and comfort which dissipate all gloom and fill the soul with glorious hope. Herein the Saints have advantages over every other people upon the face of the earth. The world do not understand why they should feel so happy and joyous. They cannot understand why the Latter-day Saints should not be filled with fear and trembling; why they should not desert their principles and accept the terms which they offer them. But we understand it, and we can rejoice in it, and thank God that He has revealed Himself for our salvation.

THERE have been times in the history of the Church when the future looked exceedingly dark and gloomy. Then it required great faith in God to believe that there would be deliverance. It was so in Kirtland. A number of the Twelve Apostles and other leading men apostatized, and others wavered; but few stood by the Prophet Joseph without flinching. Those were dark hours. The powers of darkness rejoiced, and the weak and faithless thought the downfall of the Church was sure.

It was so in Missouri. Driven from Jackson County, the Saints fled to Clay county. Driven from Clay county they fled to Caldwell, Daviess and Ray counties. Finally, driven from the State by the edict of the governor and by a mob organized as the militia of the State, with the most cruel and inhuman violence, they once more fled and found refuge in the State of Illinois. That was a time to try the faith of the people. The Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and other leading men in prison, in the hands of men who thirsted for their blood, and the Saints without homes, without a gathering place, in the midst of distress and poverty and suffering from the inclemency of the winter, their condition was trying in the extreme. How gloomy the prospect for the Church! How its enemies rejoiced! They said then, as some say now,

"Where is the Mormons' God? They have said they are God's people; but if this were so, why does He not save them?"

Then came the settlement at Nauvoo, the privations, trials and apostacies which the Saints had to contend with there; and, most trying and cruel of all, the martyrdom of the beloved Prophet and Patriarch. This was followed by the expulsion of the Saints from their homes and city—compelled to leave their sacred temple and their hard-earned possessions and to push out into the wilderness.

Who could pass through these scenes without faith? To the faithless and unbelieving the future, at these different times, must have looked frightfully sombre. Destruction must have seemed certain. But not so with the faithful Saints. The clouds might appear dark and threatening; but with the eye of faith they could perceive the glorious rainbow of promise. In all these afflictions they had hope and peace. They were sustained of the Lord. They had a source of strength and comfort of which the world knew nothing. In the midst of their deep afflictions they were happy.

This the world cannot comprehend. It is a mystery to them how people can be free from dread and be happy under such circumstances. They know that they would not be. But they know not the Lord nor His power. They have not had the gift of the Holy Ghost. When men lose that gift and apostatize they also become filled with fear. The future of the Saints appears dark and forbidding to them. Fear takes possession of them, and they seek for safety with the world.

It is proper, so the Lord appears to think, that we should have these dark and threatening seasons. They test the Saints. They show them the source from whence they must look for strength. They have the effect to bring the hypocrites and the unbelievers to light. They have the effect to remove them from the Church; they also stir up the true Saints to greater diligence and faithfulness.

We are passing through one of these seasons of trial at the present time. Those who put their trust in God are confident and happy; they know all will be right. Those who have been careless and have not lived so as to have the Spirit of the Lord are uneasy; they are fearful of the future.

Readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR: profit by this experience. In times of peace and prosperity live so that you will store up faith and strength and the favor of God for the time of darkness and trial.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

BY the late decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Rudger Clawson, appealed from the courts of this Territory, another deadly blow has been struck at religious freedom and a fatal thrust been made at the vitals of the Constitution. I learn by the dispatches that the judgment of the lower court is affirmed. This virtually leaves the Latter-day Saints in this Territory at the mercy of the United States officials here. They can contrive, by a little management, to exclude every "Mormon," or friend to the "Mormons," from the juries, and by that means exhaust the list, and then, by giving the marshal an open venire to select whom he pleases, pack the jury to their hearts' content. Under this decision, too, they can pursue the practice which now prevails, and has prevailed, of excluding every Latter-day Saint from the grand jury who will not disavow his belief in the doctrines of his

Church. In this way the grand jury can be packed and indictments be found against anyone whom the prosecuting attorney may choose to select as the object of his hate. That the present officer can exhibit malice against those who dare speak out against his tyrannical measures is apparent in the indictment of Brother C. W. Penrose and in the arrest of Brother John Nicholson, editors of the *Deseret News*, and in the indictment and arrest of Brother Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake Stake, and several others who might be mentioned, who, by their boldness or prominence, have given this official offense. If I am correctly informed it has required but little evidence to find these indictments or make these arrests. There has been a presumption of guilt and but little, if anything, more.

As if there was a special providence in the arrangement, on the same day that the decision in the Rudger Clawson case was given, a decision was also given in the Hopt case, appealed also from this Territory. My adult readers must be familiar with this case. Hopt is the murderer of an estimable young man, a son of Sheriff Turner of Utah County. It was an atrocious deed and his guilt has been clearly established before three juries, each of whom brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree; and at each trial the judge sentenced him to death. For the third time his appeal to the United States Supreme Court has been successful. A new trial has been ordered because of an informality in the charge of the judge to the jury.

Contrast this, if it please you, with the other decision. Three times has this murderer escaped the gallows by the action of the United States Supreme Court. Cruel, blood-stained and convicted as he is, he can have a fourth trial, because, forsooth, there was an informality in the charge of the judge to the jury! But he only murdered a "Mormon." Who says this is a very serious offense? But Rudger Clawson is a "Mormon." Guilty, if guilty at all, of doing no more than that which he has the example of the most favored servants of God in doing—marrying two wives under a holy covenant and surrounded by the sacred forms of religion—his was a terrible crime! No mercy for him. But why should he complain? Was not Barabbas released and Christ crucified? Is Rudger Clawson any better than his Master?

But what of the court who can give the thrice-condemned murderer a new trial because of an informality in the charge to the jury; and refuse the same boon to one who was tried before a jury—packed shall I say?—from which every one not avowedly hostile to the accused's religious views was carefully excluded? To plain people like those who live in these mountains such action seems monstrous. No amount of legal sophistry or learned casuistry can make it appear right. Deeply implanted in every true man and woman's heart by the Creator Himself is a clear conception of justice. Such persons need no edict of governors or ruling of courts to make plain to them the distinction between justice and injustice, and freedom and tyranny. They understand this instinctively. A thousand supreme courts, respected and venerated as that tribunal has been, could not convince the people of these mountains that the grand and petit juries impaneled in this district for the trial of offenses against the Edmunds law have been or are fair juries.

INGRATITUDE is a monster to be strangled in the birth, not to be cherished.

GREEDY TOMMY.

THE little fellow pictured in the engraving is not the hero of our story, although he wears a feather in his hat and has probably been playing the part of a captain or leader of a regiment of boy-soldiers which he has mustered up in the

conduct at home would lead one to an opposite conclusion.

Tommy is not a boy whom we would point to as a model for our little readers to pattern after, and we do not take this opportunity of speaking about him for any great or praiseworthy act that he has performed. Our only object in referring to him is to show the folly of such a course as he has



neighborhood for the purpose of engaging in a sham battle, with sticks of wood for guns. But whatever ability he has as a leader among his playmates, or however daring he is in their midst, he is by no means a hero in our estimation, like others who are much older. He may, among his associates, be credited with considerable gallantry and politeness; but his

taken, that other youths may have warning and avoid imitating his actions.

The greatest fault in Tommy's disposition is his greedy and selfish habits. Of course he is very young and may be excused to a great extent for his voracity. Some may say that he is naturally greedy, and that he cannot overcome his disagreeable

propensity. Although greediness may be an element of his nature a boy of his age could easily rid himself of any such defect that may be inherent with him, provided the fault is pointed out to him and he realizes what is distasteful in his character.

Tommy, however, has been often reminded of his selfishness, and his parents have resorted to several mild plans to free him from his displeasing inclinations. But instead of trying to overcome he rather cherishes his greedy habits; and he strengthens them by giving way to them.

It is quite amusing to observe the peculiarities of this little fellow, and his brothers and sisters often take delight in teasing him. Though he is considered very greedy and stingy, he possesses one trait that is quite commendable in a little boy. He is very careful with his toys or whatever he possesses. But this is mostly due to the fact that he very seldom plays with any of his toys, and he never lends them to anyone else. He has a box in which to place his trinkets, and he seems to take great pleasure in keeping everything he owns neatly laid away in this box. Sometimes his little brothers or sisters will playfully take some toy out of the box and use it in an apparently careless manner. As soon as he discovers what is being done his indignation is aroused and he immediately starts for the one who has the impudence to meddle with his toys. Then there is a racing about the house and garden, Tommy in hot pursuit of the audacious offender. But the moment he is about to overtake the one he is after, another will seize the toy and hold it up to him, upon which Tommy gives up the first object of his chase and starts towards the second offender. And so it goes on until soon poor Tommy is exhausted and abandons the idea of catching either one of his tormenters. He picks up his toy, examines it carefully and then places it back in the box and the affair is soon forgotten.

Occasionally he will receive a small piece of money. This he also lays aside very carefully, saving it until he has a considerable sum. Every day he counts it over to see if it is all there. When any of his brothers or sisters get a nickel or a dime they spend it immediately for candy or nuts, or something of the kind. But not so with Tommy. Although he is as fond of such things as the rest of the children he will not consent to help pay for them. He will beg his brothers and sisters to share with him, while at the same time he has plenty of money to get all he would want. But his nature will not allow him to indulge in such luxuries at his own expense. If someone else will bear the cost of a treat he is exceedingly willing to help dispose of it; but should he be asked to help meet the expenses he will grunt out in reply: "Huh-guh, I don't want to." When one would inquire of him why he did not want to pay his share he would only give "cause" for a reason.

One day, after he had accumulated about half a dollar in cash, he prevailed upon himself to spend it for oranges; this, though, was only to satisfy his greedy appetite. It was some time since he had tasted any such luxuries. He knew he was the only one of the children who had any money, and he saw no prospect of being treated by any of them. Before purchasing the oranges he had concluded in his own mind not to share with anyone, but to eat them all himself. So he went quietly to where his money was kept, took the whole amount and proceeded to the store to get the oranges. After returning he placed all except those he intended to eat that day in his box along with his toys. Then he concealed them in a safe place out of the reach of anyone else. This done, he went in search of his brothers and sisters, with his pockets filled with the

golden fruit. All thought he was going to be liberal and share with them. This, however, was not his intent. After tantalizing them with the sight of the delicious fruit he went off to a secluded spot and gulped them all down. This act almost brought his parents to the conclusion that his greediness could not be checked. Strange as it may seem, this very deed was the means of effecting a thorough change in his disposition. After eating all the oranges he had in his pockets he did not feel very easy at the stomach, and he concluded that he would eat no more of them for several days. He did not even want to see an orange for almost a whole week. At last, when he thought of indulging in another feast, he opened the box in which his oranges were kept, and behold, they were all turning rotten and were covered with mould. He then sat down to reflect, for the first time, upon his greedy propensity. The consequences of this act of gluttony taught him a valuable lesson. From this time he determined to be more liberal and to share of his substance with his brothers, sisters and playmates. To his credit it may be said he carried out his resolution, and he is no longer called "Greedy Tommy." E. F. P.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

THE fauna of New Zealand, is not abundant. There are two distinct genera of bat, the smaller indigenous rat, which disappeared before the larger European species and the native dog, a lurcher-like animal, black, red or dirty yellow, and in look, gait and general appearance, vulpines. Serpents are unknown in the country and there are no tortoises or batrachians, except the frog and a very harmless lizard, that of a green color being superstitiously dreaded by the natives. The bays and coasts teem with fish, and the lakes and swamps with enormous eels one of which caught at Nelson weighed fifty pounds.

The country was formerly the abode of the gigantic moa, of which Professor Owen identified from twelve to fourteen different species. Bones and remains of eggs of these birds have been found in both islands. The moa could neither fly nor swim and subsisted principally on vegetation. To assist the process of digestion, they swallowed small stones and pebbles. According to native tradition they were decked with gay plumage like the cochineal fowl. They were stupid, clumsy birds, not swift runners like the ostrich. The Maoris ate the flesh, used the feathers for ornaments, the skulls for holding tattooing powder, the bones for fish hooks and buried the colossal eggs with the dead as a provision for the journey to Te Reinga. It is not absolutely certain that the moa is altogether extinct, as there have been reports of its having been seen in the mountainous recesses of the west coast.

Of the kiwi three or four species exist. The first specimen was sent to England in 1812, and passed into the possession of Lord Derby. Some of the skin of the bird was afterwards sold in Europe at a very high price, as it was believed the species was extinct; but it is still found in primitive forests of the mountainous regions. The kiwi is a night bird hiding by day under the roots and coverts of trees and at night seeking its food—insects, grubs, worms and seeds. Kiwis live in pairs, and the natives say they sit alternately on the nests. The Maoris caught them by imitating their calls. The kiwi does

not fly but is swift on foot, making wide strides when running, and carrying the body in an oblique position with the neck stretched to its fullest extent and inclined forward. When provoked it erects the body and raising the foot to the breast strikes downward with considerable force and rapidity, thus using its sharp claws as weapons of defense.

Among other birds is the tui or parson bird which sports among the yellow blossoms of the kowhai. It is larger than the English black bird, has two bunches of white feathers like clerical bands under the neck which contrast with the glossy black irradiated with green hues and pencilled with silver grey of the rest of its plumage. Its notes are few and simple but very melodious, like the tinkling of a small bell which harmonize together as they are delivered. It is the mocking bird of New Zealand and readily imitates cocks, cats and will learn to articulate words and whistle bars of music. Although of very delicate constitution, it has been known to live in confinement for upwards of ten years, but more frequently it succumbs after the first year to convulsive fits.

The tui as well as the New Zealand pigeon are eaten by the Maoris with great relish, they being very fat in the months of May, June and July. In times past these birds were snared but since the advent of civilization, they are procured by means of the shot-gun. In cleaning them the natives are not so particular as some Europeans would be. The principal feathers are removed while the head and feet are not taken off. The entrails also are untouched. Being thus prepared they are cooked in what is called the copper Maori, which is simply a hole dug in the ground with wood and stones placed therein. The wood is lighted and burns until the rocks are hot. On these hot stones the food is placed. A small portion of water is poured upon the stones, thus a steam is created after which the whole thing is immediately enclosed confining the steam which does the cooking. After the bird is cooked—which usually requires one hour—it is taken out in small baskets, made of native flax. The Maoris devour with relish everything of the bird with the exception of the largest bones which it is impossible for them to crack with their teeth.

There are also brilliant parrots of a greenish, metallic hue with red, and wings of yellow and blue; the kara kariki is brilliant in green, blue and red; the kakapo, only found in the remotest valleys of the south island; the thievish weka or woodhen, greedy for anything that glistens and fond of carrying off spoons, forks and eggs; herons in the rivers and estuaries, the beautiful pukeho, wild ducks, hawks preying on birds, rats, mice and lizards. Every New Zealand colonist is familiar with the little owl called the moepork, a nocturnal species which derives its name from its peculiar cry. The notes of the bell bird or mocker, resemble the tolling of a distant bell and its ordinary song is not unlike that of the tui. Its notes though simple are varied and sweetly chimed, and the bird is of social habits. The morning anthem, which scores of these sylvan choristers perform together is a concert of eccentric parts producing a wild but pleasing melody. The Maoris snare these birds by means of a tuki stick baited with crimson flowers. The birds alight on the treacherous perch to sip the flowers and a sudden jerk of the running noose secures it firmly by the leg.

There are also many varieties of cormorants, penguins, albatrosses, storm petrels, sea-gulls, sea-swallows and others too numerous to mention.

No wild beasts lurk in the thicket and sheep are unmolested by wolves, etc

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY FRIENDS.

BY J. W.

A SERMON PREACHED IN PROVO, BY PRESIDENT GEORGE A. SMITH, IN THE SPRING OF 1853.

I ARRIVED in Salt Lake City in September, 1852. After remaining a short time I took up my line of march for Provo, which, at that time, was considered a rival in importance to Salt Lake City; for when some of the residents of Provo of that date had occasion to refer to Salt Lake City they often designated it as "the other city"—recognizing but two cities in Utah at that time. My object in going to Provo was to work for the sugar company then in existence. But Winter came on early and put a stop to out-door work.

The citizens of the Provo of to-day must allow considerable for the Provo of 1852. We read the city was incorporated in 1851; but the houses were not built for some time afterwards.

But my present article has more to do with the meeting-house of that date. I will try to describe it: Its walls were built of hewed cottonwood logs. The size, as near as I can now recollect, was about twenty by forty feet, with a kind of vestry attachment in the middle of one side. Opposite the door sat the presiding authorities, and the speakers stood in this vestry—the stand was not then built. We had not got the floor laid before the saw-mill froze up; and so no dancing could be indulged in. A thin coat of straw on the ground, which did duty as a carpet, would also have interfered with that amusement. Then, again, the removal of the benches would have been inconvenient, as most of them were simply hewed logs—I presume some that were left over after the house was built—and for supports, a short piece of log was cut off and placed under each end, which answered the purpose and was certainly substantial. So much for the house.

In the absence of dances our principal amusement, as Spring opened, was ball playing. The supervisor of streets was not then abroad in the land; and as the best of soil, for gardens, does not make the best of roads, the streets of Provo were rather bad. But there was one spot opposite the Bullock Hotel which was, for some cause, dryer than the average.

This spot was used as the ball-ground, and it was well occupied from early morn until darkness put an end to the games. This had continued for some time, when one day we were gladdened by the arrival of Pres. Geo. A. Smith, who came from Spanish Fork. He passed the play-ground about two o'clock p. m. and announced that he would hold meeting forthwith.

The bats were immediately thrown down and the balls pocketed, and all hands repaired to the meeting-house. When I say "all hands" I do not confine this to the ball players only; but I mean nearly all the citizens of Provo, as it did not take long to spread a notice at that time. It was but a short time from the arrival of Bro. Smith until the congregation was called to order. After the several opening exercises Bro. Smith arose and spoke about as follows:

Brethren, sisters and friends:—I feel extremely happy for the privilege of being with you in Provo to day; for I have traveled in all the settlements of the Saints north and south. I have traveled in the United States and in old England; but for its size and the number of its inhabitants, I would suppose Provo to be the richest town I have ever visited; for I have

never seen a town that could afford as many loafers to play ball from early morn until late at night, from Monday morning until Saturday night, as Provo can; and, as a matter of course, it is because you can afford it and have nothing else to do. This must be the case, seeing you have a good and well-finished meeting-house. [Here he cast his eyes all around the house and on the floor and benches.] Seeing your widows have all got good houses in which to dwell and doubtless [with irony] good piles of wood hauled and cut up, and all other works of a public and private nature done up. I thought to suggest a few ideas, just to hint at a few small jobs that you might be doing just to make you a little variety, along with the intelligent and exhilarating game of ball, until other jobs or other work turn up or develop themselves. First, and to begin with, you might improve your streets a little; at least, make them so that a man can get along without "doubling teams" when he is on foot. In their present state they might do for persons who are able always to have help with them; but all persons are not always able to have with them the necessary help for the successful navigation of your streets in their present state. Hence I would suggest that you improve them a little. England has very good roads and streets, but they have been working on them for the past two hundred years. Perhaps when we have worked on ours even one hundred years they may be better, but for the present, if you make them so a man can get along without help they might do very well.

Again, I see you have commenced to build bridges. Now, that is a very good thing and certainly very early in the history of the country for such a work. Why, it is only two hundred years since the English built their first bridge, and we read the country has been settled over a thousand years. But in your bridges I notice one defect—they are rather narrow—and I would suggest that you make them an inch or an inch and a half wider, or at least so that a man can get all four wheels of his wagon over at once. It is very disagreeable, *very disagreeable*, to a man to try to cross a bridge and only get two of the wheels over and have to turn back after the other two; besides, it is bad for the wagon.

Again, there are your water ditches. You might enlarge them a little so that, at least, one man at a time could water; and then, perhaps, there would be no need of a man dam(n)-ing himself as well as the ditch.

For quite a time I could not understand the object of the Lord in bringing us to such a country as this, where so many water ditches are needed; especially when it would be so easy for Him to release us from all trouble from that source. If the Lord would just level down the mountains west of us it would let the clouds come in and rest against the mountains east of us, and then it might rain most all the time. And as the scriptures tell us the Lord weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and taketh up the islands as a very small thing, He could certainly do so small a thing as the leveling down of a range of mountains. But I now have learned better and can understand the will of the Lord in bringing us here. We read the Saints must be tried in all things; and I have learned that one very important item would have been wanting if, in our experiences, we had no water ditches. I have yet to learn what there is that will try either a man's faith or his temper as much as a water ditch. Then, seeing we need both the ditches and the trials, we had better make them large enough and thus get all the good out of them we can.

Then there is the swamp caused by the great sheet of water spreading out just north of your town. If someone would dig a ditch and collect that water instead of allowing it to spread as it now does, the land would make a good pasture and the water a good mill power.

The settlement of Provo at the time when it was made was a little like a child born out of due time, as Salt Lake Valley would have held the Saints for years to come. But you know it had been discovered that there were fish in Utah Lake, and so a number of the old Nauvoo fishermen wanted to come here and establish a fishery. It is true we did not need fish, any more than we could eat, and that quantity we could get just as well from the Jordan at Salt Lake City as to come to Provo after them. But still these old fishermen wanted to come and continued to tease the President for his sanction. He finally gave consent on condition that they would build a good and substantial fort to protect themselves and their wives and children from the Indians. They agreed to do so. They came here and built a something—I suppose they called it a fort; but as for myself I never could find a name adapted to it in either the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms. They lived in that nondescript a short time and then wanted to move out. First, the bishop wanted to move up the river, out into the brush, to build a mill, as he said. It is true a mill was needed; it is also true the bishop built something; and I suppose he called it a mill; but as for myself I always considered it one of the mysteries of the kingdom.

I am just returning from Spanish Fork, where I have been to assist in settling a difficulty between the bishop and president. They have both got an idea in their heads that there is a crack somewhere in the floor of the meeting-house which separates the bishop's ground from the president's. They call one side of the crack spiritual and the other temporal. The idea would not be so bad of itself; but one of them thinks the crack is there [Points.] and the other thinks it over there, making quite a piece of ground that both claim. Even that would not be so bad; but they both seem to want to occupy the same spot of ground at the same time; and that, you know, is rather difficult, and sometimes they tread on each other's toes. They both asked me to assist them in finding the crack, and to help me with the case each urged numerous reasons why the crack should be where he claimed it was. I told them my eyesight was poor and I was not good at seeing such things. But I could give them both good advice and that was, for the president to do all the good he could and for the bishop to do the same; and both being pretty good men I thought they would be able, between them, to cover all the ground. But this did not suit them. They still wanted to find the crack, and after finding it, to keep their own sides on account of their toes, which were tender. So I then counseled them to come to Provo and get enough of Brother Clark's pot-metal leather to make them a pair of boots each; and from the time they got the boots and wore them their toes would be safe.

President Young called on me to come to Provo and told me I could do more good here than elsewhere. It was a long time before I could understand this until I heard of the sugar works being located here in Provo, then it was perfectly clear to me.

I will tell you how I came to understand it: Now, you see, in the Eastern States, in the Spring of the year, the making of maple sugar is a great job. They have their troughs, and buckets, and their great iron kettles in which to boil the sap. These kettles have quite a tendency to boil over. In order to

prevent that we used to take a piece of fat meat, run a stick through it and lay it across the kettle. When the sap boiled up until it touched the fat meat it would go back and not boil over. As I am the fattest man in the quorum of the Twelve the President sent me here to Provo to keep the pot from boiling over, which, through the help of God, I hope to do. Amen.

Another attempt at singing and then the meeting was dismissed.

The effects of this sermon and the opening of Spring, together, stopped our ball playing and started us about our work, which was plenty at that time.

I often heard Brother George A. Smith preach after this; but none other of his sermons had the effect on my mind, or have been as well recollected, as the one given here.

I presume there are many yet living in Provo who will recollect it probably as well as myself.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

BY W. J.

THERE are times when the second advent of the Messiah is quite an interesting topic of conversation among the Latter-day Saints, and the general belief among them is, that the time of His coming to reign a thousand years among His Saints here on earth is drawing very near. But who can tell the day or the hour when this important event will take place?

That He will come is not a question with Bible believers; "But," Jesus Himself said when He was here in the flesh, "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not even the angels of heaven, but my Father only." (*Matt. xxiv. 36.*) This was true then, and the exact day or hour may not now be known. But Paul tells the Thessalonians some eighteen hundred years ago, when it was not exactly necessary to prepare a people for His immediate coming: "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; * * but ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." (*I. Thess. 5.*) And the prophet Amos says: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret to His servants the prophets." Now, should the Latter-day Saints be in darkness, and be overtaken as a thief? And if God will do nothing without first making it known to His prophets, He certainly will not fail to make known the time nearly, if not the day or the hour, when such an important event as the coming of His Son in power and great glory is to take place, and this He has not failed to do.

Malachi says: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple." This has reference to the Savior's second coming, as the context shows; and the messenger spoken of has been sent. Malachi says further, in the last two verses of his book, which are also the last two verses of the Old Testament: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." Now, has Elijah fulfilled this mission? Joseph Smith tells us in his history that he has. After Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had bowed in solemn and silent prayer, in the Kirtland temple on

April 3, 1836, Jesus, Moses and Elias appeared unto them giving them instructions and keys; and Joseph says: "Another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us, and said: 'Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord came, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the door.'"

On the morning of the day on which the first Twelve were chosen in this dispensation, viz., February 14, 1835, President Joseph Smith called a meeting of those who had journeyed to Zion, or the members of Zion's camp, and some others. He seated those who had gone up to Zion the year before in a part of the house by themselves. He then informed them that they were called together by the command of God. He portrayed some of the trials and sufferings endured on the trip, and added, that God had not designed all this for nothing, but He had it in remembrance yet; and those who went to Zion with a determination to lay down their lives, if necessary, it was the will of God that they should be ordained to the ministry, and go forth to prune the vineyard for the last time, or the coming of the Lord, which was nigh—even fifty-six years should wind up the scene.

Joseph Smith says: "I was once praying very earnestly to know the time of the coming of the Son of Man, when I heard a voice repeat the following: 'Joseph, my son, if thou livest until thou art eighty-five years old, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man; therefore, let this suffice, and trouble me no more on this matter.' I was left thus, without being able to decide whether this coming referred to the beginning of the millennium or to some previous appearing, or whether I should die and then see His face. I believe the coming of the Son of Man will not be any sooner than that time."

The following extract from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of August 1, 1879, is appropriate here. "'Joseph, in one of his sermons, which he delivered March 10, 1844, made a brief allusion to the coming of the Savior. He said: 'I have asked of the Lord concerning His coming; and while asking the Lord, He gave me a sign and said: 'In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens and as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year; but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant.' But I will take the responsibility upon myself to prophesy in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come this year, as Father Miller has prophesied, for we have seen the bow; and I will also prophesy in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come in forty years; and if God ever spoke by my mouth He will not come in that length of time. Brethren, when you go home write this down that it may be remembered.'"

Thus it will be seen that the time of the Savior's coming has been indicated, even if the day and hour have not been given, for Elijah declared, nearly fifty years ago, that "the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the door"—and he is reliable authority. Joseph Smith, speaking to the members of Zion's camp by the inspiration of the Holy

Ghost—and is not the third person in the trinity good authority?—told them “the coming of the Lord was nigh.” When the great Prophet Joseph Smith was “praying earnestly to know the time of the coming of the Son of Man,” he was told by a person who, it is reasonable to infer, was his Heavenly Father, for he addressed him as His son; “Joseph, my son, if thou livest until thou art eighty-five years old, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man;” and, although Joseph was uncertain “whether this coming referred to the beginning of the millennium or to some previous appearing,” the statement is clearly made that if Joseph lived till December 23, A. D. 1890, the Savior would visit him for some purpose, and Joseph would see His face. Joseph’s prediction, in opposition to the Millerite assertion, uttered in 1844, “that Christ will not come in forty years,” has been fulfilled and proves him a true prophet in regard to this important event and shows Miller to be a false prophet. And the sign of the coming of the Lord, as given by the Lord Himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the great prophet of the dispensation of the fulness of times, is here repeated, for it may be relied on and watched for with the fullest confidence: “In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year; but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence, and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant.”

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER VIII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

AT a special conference held in Salt Lake City, August 28, 1852, I was called to take a mission to Gibraltar in company with Elder N. T. Porter. It was at this conference that the revelation on celestial marriage was first made public, and was taken to the world by the greatest number of Elders that had ever been called on missions at any one time before.

It was agreed that the company going east should meet on the Weber River, forty-five miles from the city, and we would proceed from that point across the plains together. Daniel Spencer was elected captain of the company; Orson Spencer, chaplain; and Orson Pratt, preacher and general instructor. Our company consisted of eighty-four Elders, who had twenty carriages and eighty-eight horses and mules.

In crossing over the Little Mountain our carriage was broken down, and we left our baggage there, covered up with a buffalo robe, while we returned to the city to have the vehicle repaired. After getting the necessary repairs done we again started, but on account of storms were compelled to camp out at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. The next day we arrived at our camp outfit on the Little Mountain just in time to save it from a band of roving Indians. That night we camped all alone on the Big Mountain and were disturbed in our slumbers by the howling of the wolves. We slept very well, however, after having commended ourselves to the care of the Lord.

On the 20th of September, 1852, the whole company began to move and on the 1st of October we arrived at the Missouri River in the best of health and spirits. Our evenings on the journey had been spent around the camp fire discussing religious subjects and often being instructed by Apostle O. Pratt.

Our company now began to scatter to go to their various fields of labor. I joined a company and took steamer for St. Louis. We were kindly treated on board. A discussion took place in the cabin between Elder O. Pratt and Mr. Storon, president of the Missouri College, resulting in a Bible triumph in favor of Apostle Pratt.

In St. Louis, Elder Wm. Pitt found himself without sufficient money for his passage to his field of labor and was walking down the street with his head bowed down, wondering what he should do to obtain the necessary means. Suddenly he saw before him, on the walk, a ten-dollar bill, the exact amount required. He picked it up and after searching in vain for the owner, used it for procuring his passage to England. On November 11th, twenty-one of us, who had engaged passage to Liverpool on a sailing vessel of 1,800 tons burden, set sail, and arrived at our destination on January 5th, 1853. We buried one passenger, a Catholic, in the open sea. He was sewed up in a blanket and some weights were attached to the feet. Burial services, in the absence of one of their priests, were read by Elder Perigreen Sessions, and he was then slid off a plank into the blue waters of the ocean. The usual custom-house overlooking of our baggage took place at Liverpool. A French stranger was detected with a crust surrounding a quantity of tobacco, making it look like a loaf of bread. The experiment cost him \$250.00.

While in New York our whole company were provided with passage and provisions with the exception of one Elder, who did not have sufficient money to buy food. A stranger came along and passed several of us, enquiring concerning our missions. But when he came to the only one not yet provided with his outfit, he dropped five dollars into his hand. With a tear of gratitude the stranger was blessed and God praised.

After visiting Prest. S. W. Richards at 15 Wilton Street, Liverpool, and my friends in Leicester, London, Southampton and the Isle of Wight, myself and companion took passage from Southampton on her majesty’s steam packet, *Iberia*, on February 28th, 1853. We had enjoyed many excellent and profitable meetings with the many churches in England, holding before them the new revelation on the eternity of marriage.

On the morning of March 3rd we cast anchor in Vigo Bay, Spain, after sailing 663 miles over the rough Bay of Biscay. This is a lovely bay, abounding with a variety of fish. Its borders abound with oranges, figs, grapes and nuts. Sixty-eight miles more and we pass Oporto, on the coast of Portugal. The next city was Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. It lies two miles up the Tagus River, and is very strongly fortified. The queen’s palace and garden are worthy of attention; the remainder of the city is very filthy. On March 6th we left Lisbon and cast anchor in Cadiz Bay, Spain. We were now about 9,000 miles from our Utah home.

THE truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

Butler.

REPOSE.

WORDS BY H. W. NATSBITT.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.

1 Rest, rest for the wea-ry soul, Rest, rest for the aching head;
2 Rest, rest for the bat-tle's o'er, Rest, rest for the race is run;
3 Peace, peace, where no strife in-trudes, Peace, peace, where no quar-rels are,
Rest, rest on the hill-side, rest With the great un-count-ed dead.
Rest, rest at the close of life, When all earth-ly work is done.
Peace, peace to the part-ed ones, Now re-moved from sin a-far.
4 Peace, peace, the op-press'd are free. Rest, rest, oh ye wea-ry, rest,
5 Peace, peace, there is mu-sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris-ing sun
For the an-gels guard those well Who sleep on their mother's breast.
Of the res-ur-rec-tion morn Pro-claims life's vict-ry won.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY J. M. FISHER, JR.

Awarded Second Prize.

MY first and fourth are alike—a lady's name;
My second and third are alike—a specified time.

The letters forming the square, if read from left to right,
right to left or from top to bottom or from the bottom to the
top will spell the two words above mentioned—a lady's name
and a specified time.

THE answer to the Scripture Enigma published in No. 9 is
ABRAHAM. The blanks should be filled with the following
names: first, Goliath; second, Jacob; third, Rachel; fourth,
Abel; fifth, Sarah; sixth, Cain; seventh, Moses. The Enigma
has been correctly solved by B. S. Shurtliff, Sarah Harper,
Payson, Enoch Jorgenson, Ephraim, Lauritz Peterson, Hunts-

ville; Charles H. Hart, Bloomington; Geo. B. Mattson, Jr.,
Springville; Sarah McMurrin, Salt Lake City.

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